Connections

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Connections

by Rigel99

Summary

It's been two years since the Night of the Dragon. After successfully evading the FBI, Hannibal headed to Europe to build a life for himself and Will. Eighteen months apart has not lessened either man's desire for the other. Soon to be reunited, Will has one task to fulfil involving a stopover in London en route to his final destination.

Standard law enforcement in such a scenario is useless. No one knows who is next. M has called in a favour owed. That favour involves the skillset of one Will Graham in assisting her best agent, 007, in the profiling and taking out of a killer who has somehow managed to identify and is targeting MI6 employees.

Notes

Likely this will just be a short one-shot story bridging the next phase for Hannibal and Will. I'm imagining it happening in the timeframe determined by Concatenation between when 007 and Q meet at the Gallery and when they get together. After reading Concatenation, I couldn't resist so you can thank drinkbloodlikewine and whiskeyandspite. Those two are Fan Fiction MACHINES...

Prologue

Two Years Beyond the Bluff…

"It's a favour. For a contact at the CIA."

Will felt a heavy sigh rise from the deepest part of his lungs as he closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Will…," the voice carried crisp through the phone and into his ear.

Jack Crawford knew he had him over a barrel. His part in killing Tier, Dolarhyde and - as far as the FBI were concerned - Hannibal Lecter, had been completely quashed by the Bureau. Will Graham was more valuable outside the walls of the BSHCI, and that allowance carried a debt of its own. He'd never be free of the shadow of his former life, until his own life had drawn to a close. Which, if Will and Hannibal's plans came to fruition would be soon, though not soon enough as far as Will was concerned.

"Fine. I'll do it," he said through gritted teeth. "But then, I'm taking three months to travel around Europe as planned and I expect to be left alone, Jack."

"Thank you." He even sounded sincere. "I'm sure MI6 will be incredibly grateful for any assistance you can provide, and it'll get my friends at the CIA off our back."

Will was about to hang up the call when Jack switched to small talk, though Will could detect the probing nature behind the question. "Never really had you down for the holiday backpacking type if you don't mind my saying, Will."

Will did mind, but humoured him anyway.

"Well, a lot changed for me that… night. Near death experiences have a habit of bringing a person a little closer to life."

"That they do," replied Jack. Will sensed he was thinking of Bella while Will, ironically enough, was thinking of Hannibal. "If there's nothing else Jack, I've got to sort out the animals and some housekeeping before my flight tomorrow."

"Sure. Safe journey, Will. And Will? Try to see some of London during your stopover. Maybe the agent with whom you make contact will show you some sights."

"I'm sure MI6 agents with Double O status have better things to be doing, Jack. See you in three months."

With those words, Will cut the call on what he hoped would be his final conversation with Jack Crawford.

Chapter 2

Euston Station was bustling with life, a London hub harbouring a diversity of the human condition comparable to an Amazonian rainforest. Just as interesting, equally as deadly.

Will exited the Underground through the barriers to climb the escalator, grabbing a Metro newspaper as he strolled past an impossibly tall stack of the publication leaning precariously against a wall. He stepped outside the station and sat for a moment on a bench in the late morning, crisp, Spring sunshine, slightly apart from the nicotine-infused commuters glued to their smartphones, oblivious to the world around them. So much the better for Will Graham.

He searched the pages until he found what he was looking for: The Good Deed Feed & The Rush Hour Crush. Will smiled at the thought of Hannibal sporting a grimace while he posted his message to these, what he would consider "crass" sections. When the mighty fall, they fall hard, but at least he had a soft landing. The Devil's luck indeed, thought Will with a rueful smile.

Samsung phone found at 10.13pm on February 16 th on Central Line tube line. Left at lost and found opposite Platform 18, Euston Station.

And in the other section:

To the gentleman with the unruly dark curls and impossible blue eyes. You and you alone hold the combination to The Vault wherein lies my heart…

Will bit back a chuckle as he folded the paper and headed back into the station, tossing it back on a stack of similarly discarded as he entered the building.

"How can I help you, Sir?" It took Will seconds to note the tired, strain of voice, the eyes dulled by life, no wife, no children. Will wondered how long it would be before the man finally gave up on the mundanity of his existence as he so evidently accepted it had given up on him.

"I believe my phone was left here? Two days ago it would have been. A Samsung smartphone."

"If you'll give me a moment, I'll check the log, Sir." He turned to his computer terminal and punched a few keys, possibly a little harder than necessary. "One moment…" as he turned and disappeared into the back of the room.

Will waited. Zoning out and bleeding himself into the passing crowd, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise. He was being watched. He turned around but just as quickly as the feeling had hit him it was gone like a passing breeze, warm and invisible.

"Sir?" He returned his attention to the attendant who was switching on the phone. "If you wouldn't mind punching in the security code so I can confirm that you are indeed the owner?"

“Of course…”

Will didn’t hesitate: 1-0-1-3.

“Thank you, Sir. Just sign here and it’s all yours.” With an ineligible flourish of a pen and a nod of thanks, Will pocketed the phone and headed for the exit. He forewent public transport. A walk back to his hotel would do him good. And he had a couple of hours to kill before his rendezvous with MI6. He checked his other phone and its last message:

4.55pm, British Library, Second Floor, The Alice in Wonderland Exhibition.

Just as he was returning it to his inside pocket, he felt the recently retrieved phone vibrate.

You look exceptionally well. H.

Will instinctively stopped in his tracks and looked around. The throng of bodies was thickening around him now, as he approached Kings Cross. He smiled. He knew he didn’t stand a chance of identifying Hannibal. God only knows how much his appearance had changed in their months apart. Will himself had lost his beard but retained his glasses, a look he had quickly learned people found incredibly disarming and Will had little compunction using to his advantage when the situation required. This game of cat-and-mouse was something Hannibal enjoyed and Will had been happy to indulge, Hannibal using the exercise to hone his ability to hide in plain sight in the months before he left the US. He knew if he could evade the senses of Will, revealed and bare as he now was to the empath, he had all but become a ghost, seen only when he wished to be seen.

The predator, cryptically camouflaged, wandering comfortably amongst his prey.

And in this moment, he only wished to see, and see he did. He had visited him often in the rooms of his mind palace, but Will Graham in the flesh was so much more gratifying. Were it possible that the man could be more beautiful than when they had parted company? Evidently so, as he watched Will glance down at the phone and come to a standstill to look around. Seconds only passed as he watched Will - *that smile* - accept his action as an exercise in futility and moved on towards his hotel. Hannibal had no idea why Will had detoured to London though he was fairly sure it had something to do with Jack Crawford. Deviations in behaviour where Will was concerned usually involved the FBI on some level.

Hannibal knew he wouldn’t have to wait long to uncover the mystery.

No sooner had Will shut his bedroom door and hit the light switch, he found himself pressed against it, wrapped in a strong embrace while his mouth was being subjected to a sensual assault that would have made a gaggle of prostitutes blush.

Hannibal… Finally…

Throughout the kiss, both men kept their eyes open, trained intensely on one another. Amber melted ice, Hannibal battling for psychological dominance over the empath. Ice, in its turn, cooled the flames to a manageable glow that would permit the men a moment of calm to

enjoy the first sight and taste of each other in far too long. Will felt part of his brain reboot, left dormant in their time apart in an effort to manage the absence of the man he had allowed to mould with his mind.

Hannibal was the first to speak, even as Will broke the kiss to drink in the sight of the man so close. “Nothing in this world or the next could have adequately prepared me for the sight of you again, Will.” One arm still held firm around his waist, while the other ran knuckles over the clean-shaven jaw.

Will, apparently, shared the sentiment of that particular admission. Leaning his upper body from the embrace, hips kept firmly against Hannibal’s, he absorbed and processed the man in front of him. He had allowed his hair to grow out and the beard, with its shock white strips from the corners of his mouth down the short length to where it swooped beneath his chin made him look older, wiser, softer, scholarly even…

And fucking hell, absolutely ravishing…

Hannibal tilted his head, taking note of the seconds of stunned silence. He pushed Will’s jacket from his shoulders and tossed the article to a nearby chair.

“Miss me?”

Hannibal was about to find out exactly how much Will had missed him and how damn much he liked this version of Hannibal 2.0.

Hannibal knew full well from such a welcome reaction he had no cause for concern, but seeing Will again had unleashed a playful, teasing side. Not that either man needed any more encouragement, but if the tools were there, why not employ them?

He nuzzled the side of Will’s neck and inhaled a long breath. “You smell of rather expensive cologne, Will. Should I have cause for concern? Perhaps there's something you need to tell me?”

Will’s fingers reached around to Hannibal’s lower back seeking the hem of his sweater to remove the offending article, pulling it over his head while reaching down between them to begin extricating him from his trousers, all the while backing them away from the door and towards the bed.

“Well?” Hannibal asked again.

“Shut up, Hannibal. Or maybe you want me to shut you up,” Will mumbled into Hannibal’s shoulder as they arrived at the bed, Hannibal falling gently onto it while Will, in the same move, crouched down to remove shoes, socks and yank his pants off as swiftly as possible. Will stood and stared at the figure splayed out in front of him as he finished removing his own attire.

“You know, I think I may have forgotten how absolutely fucking beautiful you are…”

The look of single-minded determination on his features had Hannibal painfully aroused before the last piece of clothing hit the floor. “Language, Will,” Hannibal spoke with mock warning. “You know I don’t appr—“

His sentence was cut short by an impatient and pouncing empath who wasted no time rediscovering the contours of the body that gave beautiful, unparalleled physical form to the mind he had craved for, obsessed over, understood better than any before and likely ever would. The experience that was Hannibal Lecter had spoiled Will as much as it had disciplined him. It was a perfect symbiosis that neither man would trade for all the flesh and blood that Death would lay at their feet.

Will’s lips travelled up from Hannibal’s stomach as he spoke. “Yes I missed you. No, you have no cause for concern and yes, there is something I want to tell you but right now…” he whispered, eyes wide with desire and need as he reached into the last layer of clothing that separated them to feel the heat pulsing strong and firm beneath his seeking palm…

“….There are other more pressing matters to which we must attend. Wouldn’t you agree?” he said, as lips met again, their motion mimicking the firm but gentle push of Will’s hips against Hannibal’s.

Hannibal, abandoning further pretence of control, rolled Will over and took what he wanted. Which was, in effect, everything Will Graham had to give. It was his. All his, and he would tear the world apart, crumble it to dust and scatter it to the four winds to keep this most precious gift the world had seen fit to bestow upon him…

Chapter 3

Two Hours Earlier

Mad Hatters, Red Queens and a little girl who fell down a rabbit hole.

Will contemplated. What would Lewis Carroll make of beehived brains and men who calmly serviced the world by consuming the rude? He was lost in thought and did not hear the soft footfalls approach, barely heard the quiet statement, "from behind he looks a little like you…", awareness of the man heightening in the intervening seconds between his arrival and the smooth, British accent invading his reverie.

"Alice took quite the trip, didn't she?"

Will didn't immediately turn to greet his contact. "Rabbit holes are a lot more prolific than one might think." Will turned his head to meet the gaze of his contact then. "Vigilance is a requirement in our line of work or we might find ourselves tripping and disappearing down them."

"Mr Graham. Your photograph doesn't do you justice." *Charmer. Part of the job description undoubtedly.*

"Pleasure to meet you, Mr Bond."

James gestured to a nearby bench. The library and exhibition was quiet this time of day. They could converse undisturbed.

Will took a seat beside him as he handed him the file. His body language open, confident, inviting. Will held his gaze as he took the file, loosening the reign on his empathy. The indicators were all there. *Disarming. Deadly. A highly functional psychopath tamed by MI6.*

He watched Bond from his peripheral vision as he opened the file. He recognised the look. Hannibal had sported it many times in their interactions. Curiosity, interest, attraction. But it was by proxy. Will felt the truth behind the gaze. He reminded the agent of someone else. Someone close to him.

"I'm told you're the best."

"The best? Relative to what exactly, Mr Bond?"

Bond gave a non-committed shrug. "At what you do."

"Well to give you a glimpse of what I do, rest assured, whoever he is, he is interested," Will said bluntly. He could disarm the best of them when the mood took him as well. Bond threw him an enquiring frown. "In you."

Bond raised an eyebrow and smiled, turning his attention inward for a moment. “Keep your pyjamas on, Q.”

“Q?” Will said.

“My Quartermaster. He’s currently monitoring our meeting, or rather spluttering all over his keyboard while monitoring our meeting.”

“Ah.” Will continued, unabated. “A few tweaks and he’ll be eating out of your hand, Mr Bond. Maybe dial down the cologne a touch, corner him where he feels safe and don’t take no for an answer.”

James was trying not to laugh, despite the rather serious nature of the rendezvous. He could practically feel the blush from Q at the other end of the comms.

“I’ll take your suggestions under advisement, Mr Graham. And please call me James. I rather like your style.”

“Let’s see what’s at the bottom of this particular rabbit hole then, James.” Will turned his attention to the file, focussed his mind on the images of the dead contained within and invited the veil.

Mystery solved.

Hannibal, unseen but close by in the shadows, observed the tall, lean, sandy-haired man exit the library, Will following moments later. They did not look at each other as they went their separate ways, but Hannibal instinctively knew they had been in contact. He wasn’t fond of guesswork but concluded this was the reason for Will’s detour. Hannibal felt the familiar pang of desire to claim as he watched Will head in the direction of his hotel. Time to make a detour of his own and refamiliarise himself with the territory of his empath.

Side by side again. Warm, naked and thoroughly sated. In body at least. Hannibal, like Will, could abstain from carnal relations for extended periods of time. It made moments like this all the more divine in their unearthly intangibility. Hannibal listened while Will recounted the contents of the file shared with him by Bond.

Three dead MI employees, tortured and shredded. One had been flayed. Interesting, if somewhat crude and lacking panache.

“Someone doesn’t like civil servants. Who can blame them?” said Hannibal, stretching long and rolling onto his side to lay an arm across Will’s waist. “The title is oxymoronic at best. It is difficult to be a servant and maintain the outer shell of civility. Resentment seeds eventually and becomes a natural offshoot.”

Will mirrored Hannibal’s move and turned on his side to face him, lifting his hand to absently, fondly run his fingers through his beard, a new and welcome addition to his own outer shell.

“I gave Mr Bond what I could. The killer is a woman, working at MI6 herself. Most likely a sleeper agent only recently activated.”

“Was Mr Bond suitably awed by your gift?”

“I think it would take a lot to impress the man. He’s a lot like you in fact. High expectations, deliberately removed from his own emotions, a demanding and I’m sure equally generous lover to compensate for that compartmentalisation of self…”

“You sound enthralled…” said Hannibal.

“I am,” Will teased. “But he’s taken. Or rather soon will be.”

“I know exactly how he feels,” murmured Hannibal, the implication hot against Will’s ear, snaring it between his lips as he gently manoeuvred Will onto his back again with strong, seeking palms.

Will let his own hands seek each other to meet along Hannibal’s spine. “Where to next, Doctor Lecter?”

Hannibal’s affectionate gaze gave way to a predatory gleam. “We will be sojourning in Copenhagen for a while. There is a fellow psychiatrist residing there with whom I would like to reacquaint myself and for you to meet. I’m certain I can convince him to join us for dinner…”

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